



SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1920

## Lazy Man! Here's Your Chance: Land Without Work or Taxes--- Clothes and Meat Are Free

### WHERE EVERY DAY IS A HOLIDAY

Prof. Bryan Tells About the Joys of Easter Island—  
Everybody Loafs All Day and Dances Every Night.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE WHERE—

There is no housing problem—

No taxes—

No H. C. of L.—

No strikes—

No coal shortage—

No unhappy marriages—

NO PROHIBITION—

NO HARD WORK!

There is:

Free meat—

Free fruits and vegetables—

Free sugar—

Free clothes—

Free lodging—

Perpetual June—

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

GIRLS IN THE WORLD.

A party every night in the

week!



KANAKA GIRL

KANAKA MAN

There is such a happy land, far, far away—as the old hymn remarks—and the name of it is Easter Island, 2,000 miles off the coast of Chili, the property of that country, but inhabited chiefly by Polynesian Kanakas. It might be the original of Tennyson's Land of the Lotus, "where it was always afternoon." I heard all about it yesterday from Prof. William Alanson Bryan, who holds the chair of zoology and geology in the University of Hawaii, and who is in New York after a year spent in exploring lands and seas south of the equator.

"I might sum up the general efficiency of the inhabitants of Easter Island," remarked the professor, "by comparing them to city boys about 12 years of age turned loose in the country—what little work they do is play to them and all the rest of the time is holiday.

"The people are Polynesian Kanakas, and are wards of the Chilean Government. They pay no taxes, and a large part of Easter Island was leased to an Englishman for a sheep ranch, with the understanding that he would keep the natives supplied with fresh meat, lend them farm animals for cultivating their little garden patches, and give them a little work every year.

"The work comes during the annual round-up of the sheep and lasts not more than two or three weeks. An ample weekly ration of fresh mutton is handed out to the natives. Each may have his garden patch, where men and women do what little is necessary for cultivating vegetables in the fertile volcanic soil. Many years ago fig trees were planted on the island by missionaries and the trees have spread to such an extent that one of the component sights is that of a native riding along and reaching up every now and then—when his mouth is empty—to pull a ripe fig from the tree under which he is. There are also plenty of bananas and yams—the latter a kind of sweet potato. Fish are very plentiful and a few natives going out in a boat can catch enough fish for the entire community in a very short time.

"The climate is perpetual June, so there is no worry about heating arrangements. Some forty years ago a ship carrying lumber broke up near the shore, and enough wood floated in for each native to build himself a little house which didn't cost him a cent. Formerly the people were few clothes, but now they are crazy about them—especially shoes, neckties and handkerchiefs.

"Formerly, marriages were arrangements based on mutual liking, and that only. When either one of a happy pair stopped liking the other he or she—moved out. Now they are married as regularly as you and I, but—

## Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: I am

eighteen years old and

have known a young

man for three years who is one

year my senior, but have been

going steady with him only nine

months. He dresses well, takes

me out to shows, dances, brings

me candy, flowers, etc., every-

thing a girl would want. He has

often told me of his love for me,

but he says it will be at least two

to three years before we can get

married. Now, Miss Vincent, I

love this man very, very much

and my parents like him too, but

the object which stands between

us is religion. He is a Catholic

and I am a Methodist. What do

you advise? ANXIOUS M. K."

This is a question which I am afraid

you will have to settle between your-

selves and your own families. We

are living in a very broad age where

I believe all religions have great re-

spect for each other but of course

your marriage is such a personal

matter that in a case like that you

will have to consult your parents,

your pastor and his priest.

"Dear Miss Vincent: My girl

friend is very nice and many of

the girls and boys around our

neighborhood like her. She had

been going with a young fellow

for about a year and then he

thought that he could boss her.

This led to quarrels and at last

they parted. Just to get even he

is saying things to her new boy

friends which are not very kind.

She feels miserably and I would

like to have you advise me what

to tell her to make her feel happy

once more.

"A DEVOTED FRIEND."

Tell her to brace up and be a little

Polynesian. The best way to do it is

to pay absolutely no attention to such

"black-balling." If she really takes

seriously people will think there may

be some truth in it. If the young

man finds she is ignoring everything

he says and is still happy he will

cease and find new interests.

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1920

## "Why Not Divorce Parties Same as Engagement Ones?" Says Rosina Hageman

### TELLS ABOUT HER NOVEL FUNCTION

"I Had Nine Happy and Four Cruel Years—We Drank  
My Ex-Husband's Health—Now I Am Happy."

By Fay Stevenson

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"WHY should a woman go into mourning when she receives her divorce papers? Why should she not like a much bereaved widow when in reality it is the happiest moment of her life? Why SHOULD she rejoice, be exceedingly glad and give a big party in celebration of her good fortune?"

All these whys and wherefores were asked by Mrs. Rosina Van Dyck Hageman, soprano opera singer, who gave a large divorce party upon receiving her final decree just a few days ago. She had divorced her husband Richard Hageman, one of the musical conductors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, he had remarried and she wished to express her joy for her freedom by giving a party to twenty-seven friends.

"Don't think that I am flighty or flippant," Mrs. Hageman told me in her apartment at No. 238 West 56th Street. "I don't mean to make light of married life or intimate that I think divorce a joke. I think marriage is one of the most sacred ties in the world,

to break away from the condition that made them unhappy as man and wife.

"My part was to rejoice over my freedom, to rejoice after four years of suffering. No woman divorces her husband without cause. Of course, everybody knows there is but one cause in New York State, but in other states it may be incompatibility, inhuman treatment, brutal conduct or scores of reasons. Sometimes the reasons seem very slight, but depend upon it the wife is shielding her husband, for there always is a good reason when a woman desires to sever her tie. Therefore, I say when a woman has suffered and cried her eyes out because of these reasons, when at last she obtains her freedom, it is time to forget her troubles and rejoice.

"My twenty-seven guests wished me future happiness, champagne glasses were filled and refilled and the party did not break up until 5 o'clock in the morning. My troubles were over and I was glad of the opportunity to celebrate. And yet, would you believe it, while every one was wishing me health and future happiness, I could not forget my ex-husband—I asked them to wish him future happiness with his new wife, Reima Thornton.

"For four years I realized that my husband was in love with another woman. I will not say who she was but I knew it, and verily when a husband's love grows cold there is nothing on earth which can win it back. My husband and I had been married thirteen years, nine of them were very happy, the other four were miserable.

"I loved my husband so much that I did not bring divorce proceedings in New York City, but shipped up to New Jersey rather than give him so much publicity. We received our final decree May 18, 1920. He immediately shipped over to Englewood, N. J., and was quietly married at the Presbyterian church by Rev. David Johnson. I remained in my home planning a little trip to Holland where we were both born and married.

"But I was not sad, for as much as I had loved my husband I knew that those last four years of our married life had been miserable. I had suffered then and now I was happy, so gave my party and was happy.

"Why should I give a divorce party just as maidens give engagement parties?"

"No," replied the bookkeeper; "we

had no servant girl."

"Ah, the real reason why wives

leave home," said Mr. Jarr. "Well,

how are you getting on with the

housework?"

Mr. Jenkins groaned. "I'm afraid

to go home. My wife will be back to-

night. You ought to see the house-

work!"

"What did you do to it?" asked Mr.

Jarr.

"Do I know how to make beds?"

asked Mr. Jenkins in angry self-

justification. "Did I take lessons in

plain cooking and sewing? Did I

marry to do general housework? No,

I didn't."

"So you slept in a different bed in

the house every night the family was

away?"

Mr. Jenkins nodded.

"And you forgot to water the plants,

and you left the windows up the night

it rained so hard, and you didn't put

in the screens and the house is full of

flies!"

"I've told you," asked Jenkins.

"Well, we have tramps out in East

Madison where I live," said Mr. Jen-

kins. "And I forgot to lock the front

door and somebody got in and pinched

my silver wedding gifts and the best

clothes we had."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No," said Jenkins. "You know how

the dishes accumulate, and I thought

it would be a good plan this morning

to wash them all together by turning

the hose on them, but it didn't work

and the milkman called for his bill and

I forgot to turn off the hose while I

was talking to him, and the water ran

in the dining room and into the

parlor and carried a lot of dirt with it.

I was always in a hurry to catch a

train and didn't clean up, and now the

floor is all muddy to-night. The house

is sure a sight!"

"And you want me to take you to

lunch," asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, it would be a brotherly ac-

tion," said Jenkins. "No," he continued,

"take me home to dinner with you and

my kids, but let us be honest with

each other. I don't want to go to

lunch with you."

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1920,  
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By Maurice Ketten



## The Office Force.

By Bido Dudley

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"I SEE by the papers," said Pop-

ple, the Shipping Clerk, "that

they're going to tax old maids

in France."

"It ain't fair," came from Bobbie,

the Office Boy. "Old maids can't help

it, can they, Miss Prim?"

Miss Prim, Private Secretary to

the boss, turned on him fiercely.

"Why do you ask me?" she de-

manded. "Are you insinuating? Am

I being insulted?"

"Just a moment, now!" said

Spooner, the mild little Bookkeeper.

"Bobbie wouldn't insult anybody.

Let's keep our tempers this morning

and see if we cannot make the day a

pleasant one."

"But I'm no old maid," persisted

Miss Prim. "I'll have you all know

I'm not thirty."

"You bet you're not," murmured

Bobbie.

"And what does that mean—another

insult?"

"Aw, for goodness sake! Why get

mad?" said Bobbie.

"Well, I do declare!" chuckled Miss

Prim, grinning.

"No it's funny, eh?" said the blonde,

addressing the Private Secretary.

"Well, imagine tell you something—I

revealed my age and you didn't. You

wouldn't dare."

"I don't mind telling my age," re-

plied Miss Prim. "I didn't know

anybody was interested in it. How-

ever, I was twenty-nine on my last

birthday."

"When did you stop having birth-

days?" asked Bobbie.

"Now laugh!" said Miss Tillie.

"I have no occasion for merriment,"

said Miss Prim. "Everybody knows

Martha is a well-known fact. I'm

get even with him for all he's done to

me."

Here she turned and faced Bobbie.

"Look here, young man!" she said,

"give me back that copy of 'Little

Women' I loaned you to read yester-

day. Do you hear me? Give it back."

Bobbie, looking solemn, took the

book from his desk. "Here it is," he

said. He opened the front cover and

smiled. "Oh, look here," he said.

"Listen!" And then he read:

"Given to Minnie Prim on her

fiftieth birthday by her loving Aunt

Ellie, May 25, 1920."

"Hand me that book!" demanded

Miss Prim, fiercely. Bobbie obeyed.

"Fifteen and ten makes twenty-five

and twenty makes"—Miss Tillie

was saying.

"Just a minute!" snapped Miss

Prim. "This book belongs to my

cousin Minnie."

"Minnie-da-hu!" chuckled Bobbie,

as he discreetly made an exit just in

time to miss a blow on the head from

"Little Women."

## HER DECORATION DAY

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One Cannot Forget Those That Are Gone